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THE MAN OF THE ROCK.

As I was descending the Saône, in 1836, upon a light steam-boat, I was charmed, at the entrance to Lyons, with the beauty of the view presented by the right bank of the river, where the country gently glides into the suburbs and is lost amid the structures of the town. Meadows, woods, rocks, the limpid stream, mingled with elegant terraces, graceful pavilions, noble buildings, hanging bridges, a fine quay, and all the bustle of a port which shared the commerce and the population of the north and of the south. One point of the picture, particu-

and to my look of inquiry, he added, "Yes, the good German. I was about to ask a further explanation, when, perceiving that his attention was directed to the difficulty of steering the vessel among the small craft which thronged the port, I subdued my curiosity, promising myself the pleasure of a visit to the coat of mail the same evening, and, if possible, to learn its history. But the monuments of Lyons, its church of Saint Jean, its valuable museum, the junction of the Rhône and the Saône, occupied all the hours of my day, and the next morning



JOHN KLEBERGER—STATUE IN STONE, INAUGURATED AT LYONS, SEP. 12, 1842.

larly, attracted my attention by its singularity. Upon the platform of a perpendicular rock, which projected over the quay towards the river, I caught a glimpse of a certain irregular mass which appeared to be the remains of some rude wooden statue. It consisted of a coat of mail, supported upon two legs adorned with red boots. The boat carried me onwards, I moved towards the stern, but could no longer distinguish the fantastic figure. The sailor at the helm, noticing my disappointment, said with a smile, "It is the Man of the Rock ;"

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before day-break, I went by torch-light on board the Rhône boat, which was to carry me to Avignon ; I thrilled with the thought of Italy, and had entirely forgotten the Man of the Rock or the good German.

Thirteen years afterwards, in the autumn of 1849, I was travelling in a contrary direction, on my return to Paris, and on leaving Lyons I perceived on my left the same rock ; but in place of the coat of mail, a fine stone statue now stood upon it. The boat had not yet started, so I had time to

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observe that this statue represented a man of middle age, without coat of mail or boots, but in the costume of the sixteenth century, holding in one hand a manuscript to his breast, and in the other a purse. This time I addressed my inquiries to a young gentleman who appeared to be a native of Lyons, and a student. He kindly listened to my question, and replied: "This statue was inaugurated last September, and has taken the place of a number of grotesque wooden figures, which for several generations the inhabitants of this quarter (Bourgneuf) have been accustomed to place upon the rock. The poor people having neither stone nor bronze wherewith to construct their idol, cut down a tree from the neighbouring wood, and rudely fashioned it into the figure of a man with coat of mail, a lance, and a helmet. When the worms and the water had destroyed this strange statue, it was replaced by a similar one, and the day on which the good man took his place upon the rock was a fête day for all Bourgneuf. The last of these solemnities took place June 24th, 1820. Ten or fifteen years afterwards the figure was horribly mutilated, our archaeologists and our poets were indignant, and a sort of conspiracy was formed to compel the municipality of Lyons to replace that caricature of wood by a stone statue. They succeeded, and the people of Bourgneuf may now rest; they need no longer tax themselves, or to go to the wood for a tree, as they have done for some years. If they wish to do honour to the 'Man of the Rock,' they may do it without expense. Perhaps their fêtes may be wanting in the simple joyousness which characterised them in former years, but taste must not be offended, art must not be desecrated. Away with our fêtes, if it must be so, away with the simplicity and barbarism of the ancient times!"

At these words, foreseeing a digression, I took the liberty of interrupting him. "Thanks," said I: "as a question of art, your view of the subject is quite satisfactory; but, pray, to the memory of what great man have these statues of wood and of stone been erected?"

"Learned men smile," replied my polite informant, "when they hear of the 'Man of the Rock.' They say that the people of Bourgneuf were accustomed to erect an idol of wood in honour of a certain governor of the castle of Pierre Scise. In course of time, although the governor was forgotten, the custom was preserved, and the honour transferred to a German, Jean Kleberger, an inhabitant of Lyons from 1533, until his death in 1546. He founded the Hospital of Charity. During a period of scarcity he distributed considerable sums to the poor of the city; and every year he gave dowries to seven poor girls. A recent publication will give you a further account of this benevolent man: you may find it in the boat's library."

I thanked the young gentleman; and as we had just arrived at a landing-place, he jumped into a little boat, and left me. While breakfasting, a few minutes afterwards, I turned over a volume of the "*Revue du Lyonnais*," where I found the following account of the Man of the Rock:—

"Jean Kleberger was born at Nuremberg in 1486. His father, himself a merchant, placed him with the wealthy house of Imhof, which possessed a mercantile establishment at Lyons. It appears that Jean Kleberger afterwards entered the army, and distinguished himself at the battle of Pavia, February 24, 1525. There are in existence two medals, one in the museum of Nuremberg, and the other in that of Vienna, which seem to have been struck to commemorate his deeds of renown, as they bear inscriptions and coats of arms. However, as we know that it was not unusual in the sixteenth century, among persons of wealth and distinction, for such medals to be executed by private commission, and at private expense, as we now have our busts and our medallions, it would be desirable, before assuming the warlike renown of Jean Kleberger, to have more positive testimony of it. But be that as it may, it is very evident that he was a celebrated man in his own country. His portrait, painted in oil, upon wood, by Albert Durer, may still be seen in the Imperial gallery at Vienna. Kleberger went to Lyons in 1527, but returned to Nuremberg, and the following year married

Felicitas Pirkheimer, daughter of Wilibald Pirkheimer, of the house of Imhof, a friend of Albert Durer, and councillor of Charles V., as he had also been of Maximilian. It is possible that the death of his wife, May 29, 1530, determined him to settle in Lyons, where he arrived in 1532. In 1535, he married Pelonne de Bonzin, afterwards known as the 'beautiful German.' By this union he had one son, David Kleberger, born 1538. Jean Kleberger was elected alderman December 1, 1545, and died September 6, 1546, at the age of sixty-one years.

"He presented, at different times, to the Hospital of Charity, of which he was the founder, the sum of 8,045 livres, equal to about 70,000 francs (£2,800).

"He was no less charitable to the poor of Geneva than to those of Lyons. The public registers of Geneva contain the following notice:—

"June 7th, 1527.—Jean Cleburgue, a wealthy German, residing at Lyons, applied to the Council respecting the purchase of a house which had belonged to Cartelier, to which they consented."

"March 22nd, 1540.—Jean Cleburgue, having greatly benefited the hospital, a grant was made to him of 300 loads of stones, from the temple of Notre-dame de Grace, to finish his wall of Saint Gervais."

"April 22nd, 1544.—Jean Cleburgue, of Lyons, gave fifty crowns to the hospital, on which occasion they presented him with a dozen pies."

"At his death he bequeathed 400 crowns to the hospital of Geneva. In 1543, he presented to the city the gardens of Saint Gervais, near the lake, and those gardens took from him the name Cleburgue, which in time became Bergues, upon the site of which now stands one of the finest hotels of Europe.

"His arms are still to be seen over the door of the house in which he resided at Lyons, now No. 93, in the Rue des Forges. He had also a castle at a little distance from Lyons, in the Terre de Champ, where was the tower of the 'Beautiful German.'

"There is an ancient poem, entitled 'La Mandrinade,' dedicated to 'the Man of the Rock, a valiant captain and sentinel, day and night, for many ages, upon the rock of Lyons, in the quarter of Bourgneuf.'

"From all these testimonies," says the *Revue du Lyonnais*, "it is impossible to doubt, that it was to the memory of Jean Kleberger that our ancestors erected upon the picturesque rock, which served as a pedestal, the simple statue of wood, which was renewed from time to time, and always by the working class, whose pious gratitude thus perpetuated the tradition of the benevolence which he exercised among the inhabitants of Bourgneuf."

AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.

THE project of establishing a telegraphic communication all round the globe, is one upon which public attention on both sides of the Atlantic is fixed with growing interest, and which will cease to be considered impracticable as soon as no other difficulty remains than such as may be overcome by the union of science, industry, and capital. The remarkable progress of the present age, which has been brought about by the harmonious combination of these three mighty agencies, leaves little room for doubt as to the ultimate accomplishment of the project. It is only a question of time. Sooner or later, we may rest assured, the world will be girt round with an electric wire, by means of which all the principal cities and courts, as well as all the chief seats of commerce and homes of science, will be indissolubly united. What has been effected within the recollection of many, renders this glorious consummation quite within the bounds of possibility. Public opinion, enlightened and encouraged by the past achievements of human industry and skill, will ere long believe in the feasibility of the grand project, and call for its execution, though the conviction is not yet so widely spread and so firmly established as could be desired. The project is, however, already looked upon by many as an inevitable result of the numerous lines